PEASANTS IN POWER: *Review by Lord Taylor*


# THE NATION

*APRIL 28, 1962 . . 25c*


## *A Democrat for Every Taste*

## TEXAS PRIMARY

**Willie Morris**

## *Democracy:*

## A CREED for all SEASONS

**Seymour Slessinger**

## *New England Fisheries*

## ASLEEP on the DEEP

**William S. Ellis**


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# LETTERS

## Dictionary Detective

*Dears Sirs:* May I join the war of words over the new edition of Webster's Dictionary? My concern is with the parenthesis of the gentleman who tells us [Letters, April 14] that he has taught "Freshman English" and is unhappy because there may be one or two persons left who are not as sure as he that *disinterested* means *uninterested*. . . .

It happens that I am hopelessly addicted to the British variety of whodunits; and this week I brought home from the Public Library Nicholas Blake's *End of the Chapter* (Harper, 1957). So, by sheer good luck, I am able to supply something a little fuller by way of example than what one finds in dictionaries. Here it is, for the Freshman English professor's benefit:

> Stephen Protheroe was already at work, nosing his way through a bulky typescript, and returned Nigel's salutation absently. A word caught his attention. His long nose dipped at the page like a woodpecker's beak.
>
> "Another fellow who says 'disinterested' when he means 'uninterested'," he snarled. "This debasing of the language is intolerable."
>
> "Words have changed their meanings in the past."
>
> "That's not the point. The point is, there's no synonym for 'disinterested.' We can't afford to lose the word."
>
> "Perhaps we've lost what the word means."
>
> "Lost disinterestedness? As an ideal? I wonder."

The Parable of the Pharisee and the Publican [Luke 18:10] still has a great deal of validity, and I am inclined to suspect that the writer of a detective yarn in this case is apt to go down to his house justified rather than the professor of English. ALFRED A. GROSS

*New York City*

## Disagreement

*Dear Sirs:* "The proletariat," says Alexandre Metaxas, speaking of Russia ["Moscow vs. Peking," April 14 issue], "has become an elite within the party and state." If the word "proletariat" means what Webster says it means—a propertyless working class — then we have in Russia an elite which comprises at least 98 per cent of the total population—certainly the strangest elite that has ever existed since the dawn of history.

Reading a bit further: "A lot of Russians believe the world can follow many courses, each country practicing the system it finds most suitable: America its capitalism, Sweden its socialism, England its welfare state, Russia its state capitalism." According to the *Information Please Almanac*, Sweden has 17,289 industrial establishments, all privately owned, and its match industry is a "single trust which covers the whole world." This may add up to socialism in the lexicon of Mr. Metaxas, but after forty-odd years of indoctrination as to what constitutes socialism, it is hard to believe that the Russian people would be so gullible. This, of course, applies with even greater force to the sobriquet of state capitalism which Mr. Metaxas so recklessly and carelessly bestows upon their social and economic system. . . .

If your readers cannot turn to the pages of *The Nation* for some clarity in this welter of babble and confusion, where else is one to turn?

ALBERT V. GODLIN, D.D.S.

*Long Island City, N.Y.*

## Thumping for Mr. Boretz

*Dear Sirs:* Unlike most of the musical criticism available in the press, I find your Mr. Boretz's column always fascinating, frequently provocative and always articulate. More important, his judgments arise from solid musical grounding.

Moreover, his lengthy explanations, which occasionally delve lustily into musical theory, are a pleasure, and I thoroughly approve of his predilection for Klemperer and his disdain for the static, thump-thump conductors (apropos of Wallenstein's performance of the Eighth recently).

JENNIFER B. WEININGER

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

## Paintings by Kleinholz

*Dear Sirs:* In connection with a projected publication on the work of the painter Frank Kleinholz, we are seeking to locate paintings of his done in the past twenty years.

It will be appreciated if owners will send data about them to the writer at 50 Commerce Street, N.Y. 14, N.Y.

ELIZABETH McCAUSLAND

### CORRECTION

Tom F. Driver in "Search for Conflict" (April 21) regretted the untimely death of Robert Anderson. It is not only untimely but unfounded, and the author and editors apologize to Mr. Anderson, whose new play, *The Days Between*, is announced for production by Leland Hayward.

## Light on Argentina

*Dear Sirs:* Congratulations for your excellent article, "Storm over Argentina," by Irving L. Horowitz (March 31, 1962). I have read nothing on the recent crisis in Argentina that was as sane and showed as much insight into the problems involved as did Mr. Horowitz's article.

FRED BERGER,
*Gambier, Ohio* Kenyon College

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*NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1962*
*VOLUME 194, No. 17*

THE NATION

# EDITORIALS

## Happy Easter!

The Lord is risen. And the fallout is risen, too. Just now it is the fallout from the Soviet tests of last autumn, but soon it will be joined by fallout from the American tests about to begin in the Pacific. The superpowers find it difficult to cooperate in anything constructive or spiritually elevating, but when it comes to poisoning the atmosphere, they give each other unstinting support.

In a letter to *The New York Times* (April 15), the indefatigable Linus Pauling repeats his estimate that the recent Soviet atmospheric tests will, if the human race survives, result in some 20,000,000 grossly defective children and embryonic and neonatal deaths. Most of this lugubrious harvest will be reaped in the distant future, so perhaps an oblivious generation need not wring its hands about it; but again, perhaps it had better take heed. Professor John M. Fowler of Washington University, newly elected president of the St. Louis Committee for Nuclear Information, estimates that the Strontium-90 content in St. Louis milk will soon stand at twice the level of the spring of 1959, before the three-year moratorium began. Professor Fowler is a physicist. A physician, Dr. Lytt I. Gardner, professor of pediatrics at the State University of New York (Syracuse) feels that on the basis of the Soviet fallout alone it would be wise to substitute powdered milk for fresh milk in the diets of children and adolescents. Dr. Gardner, president-elect of the Society for Pediatric Research, took issue with a forthcoming report of a committee of the American Academy of Pediatrics and the committee's "apparent complacency" over nuclear fallout. Perhaps they will be less complacent when the American fallout is added, for by all indications it will be substantial. The U.S. test series will last from six weeks to two months and will include a minimum of thirty explosions.

By the time this sees print, the tests may have begun. The President is said to be still reluctant, but for five months 12,000 men (including 1,000 scientists), aided by sixty warships and 110 aircraft, have been preparing, and the momentum which has built up is no doubt very great. Dr. Edward Teller, the mentor of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, and the powers in the Pentagon will have their way. Dr. Pauling expresses a final hope that the President will postpone or cancel the forthcoming tests. "This act," he writes, "would increase the safety of the American people and be in the true interest of the United States." Medically and ethically he may have a strong case, but in terms of the cold war, nothing could be less relevant than the safety of the people of the United States, unless it is the safety of the people of the rest of the world and of future generations.

## Here We Go Again

Two things are obvious about the talks on Berlin between Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Soviet Ambassador Anatole F. Dobrynin. One is that if neither side is willing to budge from its position in the slightest, there can be no *modus vivendi* or provisional settlement of any sort. The other is that the West German Government will regard any settlement, short of complete Soviet capitulation, detrimental to its interests (*its* interests—not necessarily those of the German people). The cold war has become a vested interest not only of the military-industrial complex in the United States, but of Chancellor Adenauer and his ministers who, with the exception of Defense Minister Franz Joseph Strauss and one or two others, are scarcely more than errand boys with high-sounding titles.

The terms which the Kennedy Administration has in mind for a Berlin settlement are scarcely calculated to make Messrs. Khrushchev and Ulbricht swoon with joy. An international authority including the United States, Great Britain and France is to operate the Berlin supply lines. East and West Germans would participate as advisers. Committees of East and West Germans would deal with problems arising between the two states (as in fact they do now on all sorts of technical and commercial matters). In the distant future, these committees might shift their attention to reunification of the

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two Germanys. NATO and the Warsaw Pact countries would sign a nonaggression declaration, coupled with guarantees against violation of the Elbe and Oder-Neisse boundaries, but without *de jure* Western recognition of these borders. The nuclear powers would agree not to supply nuclear weapons to countries not now possessing them, West Germany not being singled out and NATO being excepted.

There is surely nothing in these conditions to make West German hackles rise, yet, after their communication to the West German Government, the terms were leaked out to the press, with doleful cries and forebodings, by someone in that government. As often before, the West Germans have tried (and heretofore they have always succeeded) to sabotage any agreement whatever. President Kennedy was described by Stewart Hensley of UPI as "furious," as he had very good reason to be. Hensley quoted U.S. officials as saying that the affair went far beyond the Berlin issue—that this German "'breach of confidence' struck at the heart of cooperation within the North Atlantic Treaty Organization because it undermined the policy of mutual trust in consultations among the Allies."

And so it does. It has been well said that one can always cope with one's enemies, but God protect one from friends. Especially such friends as our Germans.

## The Problem Remains

Up to our Friday noon deadline, the editorial on the steel-price increase in the April 21 *Nation* jibed with the tactical facts, but from that point on the President ceased to rely on his Irish charm and the politics of persuasion. Instead, he added the dimension to his leadership that *The Nation* called for, and he did it with a force and éclat that set the price-raisers back on their heels. He recognized their maneuver as a political decision, calculated to test his power, and he reacted politically with swiftness and vigor. To call this "government by fear," as *The Wall Street Journal* did on April 18, or "government by anger" in the words of Rep. August Johansen (R., Mich.) is absurd. For one thing, even though no formal commitment to hold the price line had been made, the action of U.S. Steel had all the earmarks of a calculated double-cross; in such a situation a President of the United States is not obliged to turn the other cheek. And it is a gross distortion to say, as *The Wall Street Journal* said in its editorial, that the government, "by naked power, by vituperation, by threats, by agents of the State security police," suppressed the basic property rights of a "private company" in a free economy. That sort of privacy, and that simple economy, have not existed in the actual world for a long time.

Big Steel has intervened in *our* lives many times in the postwar period, nor will the average citizen, having just completed an income-tax return in which he has had to account for every cent of his income and expenses, commiserate with U.S. Steel's loss of private economic rights. Big business generally has been nourishing the very trends of which it complains in every industrial crisis and at every convention. The arms program alone, which businessmen support and augment with singular unanimity, has given the government the right, and laid on it the duty, to enter into the economic picture on a commensurate scale. The power the federal government now wields is simply the counterpart of the power that big business cherishes as a kind of divine prerogative. And if big business now complains that profit margins are inadequate for modernization of plant to meet foreign competition, no one can remember any occasion when big business (or small, for that matter) found profits to be excessive in the light of the national interest.

This having been said, it must be added that the magnitude of the President's victory can easily be exaggerated. A particular case has been resolved for the time being, but the problem remains. Clark Kerr, president of the University of California, is quoted in *The New York Times* (April 18) to the effect that a new transitional period of industrial decision-making has set in. Quite so. Collective bargaining is no longer a matter of a union and an industry setting wages, hours and conditions of work to suit themselves. "Increasingly," Dr. Kerr points out, "it is concerned with the progress of the industry and thus the economy in general."

Because there are no laws to govern the new requirements, Mr. Blough did what he did and the President reacted in kind. But for the long run, nothing has been settled, and nothing will be settled until the laws catch up with a technology and industry never envisioned by the writers of the Constitution and its amendments.

## The Limitations of Military Socialism

Roger Blough is not the only industrialist who can overreach himself in defending the "private" interests of his company as he sees them. Donald W. Douglas, Jr., president of Douglas Aircraft Company and lately the subject of some embarrassing Congressional revelations of excessive profits on government contracts, seems to have learned nothing from Mr. Blough's experience. Mr. Douglas is likewise a stickler for economic privacy and the sacred rights of business. In a speech read for him at the convention of the Institute of Environmental Sciences, he complained that some government agencies would substitute a "regulatory iron lung" for the attributes of healthy management. In particular, he decried the "slow but continuous trend toward what may be over-close governmental control of defense contractors."

What seems "over-close" to Mr. Douglas may seem



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over-loose to anyone who takes a less partisan view of what the taxpayer is to get for his money. The aerospace-missile industry is, willy-nilly, invested with the public interest even more than steel. If aerospace management has not got around to recognizing this, the aerospace unions have been more discerning. In preparation for upcoming contract negotiations, the Machinists and the United Auto Workers have begun distributing leaflets at the Southern California plants where some 300,000 of their members are employed. What the unions want is an industry-wide layoff-pay fund, which would mitigate the hardships of situations like the one caused by the cutback in F-105D production at the Republic Aviation plant on Long Island (*The Nation,* April 14, 1962). The companies oppose such a fund as "impractical"—to them it is a sacred managerial right to throw production workers on the street on two weeks' notice, or none at all. But what is impressive about the unions' position is not what they demand, but what they concede in recognition of the fact that their members are really working for the government. The aerospace industry, they say, "is not just another industry against which we can use the power of economic force without any thought of the consequences. . . . This industry is government enterprise run for private profit." This borders on an admission that a major strike in the aerospace industry is unthinkable.

Nor is it labor alone that is beginning to take a more realistic view of this government-financed industry. *Business Week* reports (April 14) that defense contractors have begun "to make the painful adjustment to a new pattern of military procurement"—an adjustment made painful by Secretary McNamara's insistence that bonanza profits be eliminated in defense contracts. The more efficiently procurement practices are tightened up, the more painful this adjustment will be and, by the same token, the "tougher" management will be at the bargaining table with labor. In the past it has been all too easy for the aerospace industry to make concessions to labor which could be passed on to the government as added costs. As both labor and management are now forced to take a "down-to-earth" attitude, the government will increasingly find itself involved in collective bargaining in the industry to the probable dissatisfaction of the other two principals.

This new note of realism that is beginning to echo in labor negotiations in the aerospace industry may sound if not the end, then at least the beginning of the end, of the postwar infatuation of both labor and industry with "military socialism."

## A Mother Finds an Issue

Peace, as a political issue, has brought women out of the kitchen. They are not only marching, sitting and striking for it — they are also running for office on it. Mary Sharmat, twenty-six, from the Fifth Assembly District in New York's Manhattan, hopes to win the Democratic nomination to the state legislature. Ponytail flying, this pint-sized mother (she has a three-year-old child) is putting on a house-to-house campaign on the sole issue of peace. She may or may not be the first woman to seek office on this issue alone; in any case, she firmly believes, she will not be the last. Women cast 52 per cent of the country's vote, she points out, and also bear 100 per cent of the country's children. She does not believe that Strontium-90 is good for children, nor that fallout shelters are a proper place to bring them up, nor that people generally — adults emphatically included — have been educated sufficiently on the issue to make their wishes felt by their elected representatives. Women, she says, have more time to think about peace than men, who are too busy fighting the daily war for bread. So women should run for office, get elected, and get the peace movement off the sidewalk and into Congress.

Amen.

## The Bronze Age Is Past

The prize-winning design for a memorial to Franklin D. Roosevelt on the Potomac has been rejected by the advisory Fine Arts Commission and will probably be turned down by Congress. There are valid reasons for objecting to this arrangement of gigantic slabs, incised with long selections from the late President's most memorable utterances. But the impulse to do something different, to break away from the Greco-Roman style in which we have hitherto commemorated our national figures, was admirable.

And we doubt very much that a more satisfactory piece of purely honorific architecture can be devised. Anything proposed must be large enough, solemn enough, expensive enough to bear comparison with the Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson memorials already in place. And the temper of our age, deeply aware of social problems, of human inequities, of the rapid wastage of our natural habitat, is such that any monument of this kind is almost certain to seem a vain, and vainglorious, gesture.

The estimate for constructing the memorial now discarded was between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000. How large a hospital would this sum buy, how well-equipped a laboratory, how large a public park? It is thought, incidentally, that within another generation the section of our country from Boston to Washington will be one unbroken megalopolis. A Roosevelt Park, which would refresh the people and not merely awe them, would seem an appropriate memorial. But if not a park, then it should be some other useful object. The day has passed, we think, when a great man can be appropriately celebrated in marble and bronze.



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*TEXAS PRIMARY*

# A DEMOCRAT for EVERY TASTE . . *by Willie Morris*

*Austin, Texas*

THE TEXAS primary is May 5, and one political writer calls it "the maddest scramble for the governor's office in sixteen years."

Six Democrats, ranging from the farthest reaches of the American Right to New Frontier liberalism, with a cluster of conservatives and moderates in between, are seeking the gubernatorial nomination. Although former Navy Secretary John Connally, Vice President Johnson's close associate, and former General Edwin Walker have drawn most of the national attention, three-term incumbent Governor Price Daniel is clearly the man to beat and is likely to lead the field into the second primary in June. A thirty-six-year-old liberal, Don Yarborough (no relation to Texas' Senator Ralph Yarborough, though the resemblance between the two is as striking physically as it is politically) is jousting with Connally for a run-off place against Daniel. Walker, taciturn and somewhat mysterious, is expected to finish a poor fifth or sixth. Two conservatives, state attorney general Will Wilson and former highway commissioner Marshall Formby, seem to be out of the running. Wilson is nonetheless making headlines almost every week with sharp attacks on both Daniel and Connally.

This is the beginning of a new political era in the state. A burgeoning Republican Party, which broke the traditional one-party monopoly last year by electing Goldwater-conservative John Tower to the Senate, is having its second contested governor's primary in history. Jack Cox, a West Texas oilman who polled 40 per cent of the vote against Daniel in the 1960 Democratic primary before the exodus to the GOP last year, is a heavy favorite to win the nomination against Roy Whittenburg, wealthy oil and cattleman.

Daniel, fifty-one, had a brief and largely undistinguished tenure as junior Senator until he resigned to run for governor in 1955. His political touch is seriously underrated by many who do not know him. A staunch and rather typical Southern States'-righter while in Washington, as Governor he has moved closer to the Center, and perhaps even a little to the left of it. His frequent assaults on the almost legendary tactics of the business lobby in the state capitol have lost him much of the conservative financial support he once enjoyed. He is notoriously slow in making up his mind, and when Connally resigned his Navy post and got into the race, Daniel seemed to take it not only as a personal affront, but a violation of that comfortable custom of shared decisions which has usually characterized the ruling group within the Texas Democratic Party.

After keeping Connally on needles for weeks, Daniel finally announced for an unprecedented fourth term. It is the fourth-term issue, the question of Vice President Johnson's role in the party fight and the possible appeal of New Frontier liberalism as espoused in provincial terms by Don Yarborough, which are the three critical issues of the campaign.

ONLY A YEAR and a half ago Daniel, Connally and Wilson went arm-in-arm to Los Angeles to work for Johnson's Presidential nomination. Wilson was a kind of cheer-leader for that effort, Daniel the team coach, Connally the keeper of the purse. Today Connally is assailing Daniel for tired leadership, political irresponsibility and dubious party loyalty. Wilson is questioning Connally's connections with Johnson and challenging his former role as an oil and gas lobbyist. Daniel is calling Wilson a mudslinger and Connally a big-money candidate. Yarborough has remained immune from this crossfire, probably because all three hope for a run-off with a liberal. But the cozy etiquette of the moderate-conservative element in the state party is clearly a thing of the past.

A veteran Washington newsman spent several days here last month. When he returned and described Connally's campaign as deeply conservative, his Washington colleagues, he said, were somewhat disbelieving. Connally, they apparently thought, was bravely waving the banner of the New Frontier in the darkest depths of these jungles.

In the battle for power in Texas, such a mistaken national view is symptomatic of the curious schizoid quality of recent Texas politics. Connally has maintained his proper connections in Washington while, half the country away, he is conducting a campaign which seems to contradict the ideological goals of the national Administration. His approach serves to underline what one political worker said of the Johnson-Rayburn era of the fifties: "A Texas politician can be what he wants to be in Texas if he can get by with it in Washington."

CONNALLY, forty-five, tall and handsome, is remarkably effective on television where he appears often. He is closely associated with the major sources of financial power in the state—oil and gas, the banks, insurance, construction, the utilities. Whether the Vice President actually persuaded him to get into the race—out of concern for the Republican threat in Texas, or for the state's role in future national elections, or for the Vice President's own Presidential ambitions—has become irrelevant, for Connally's past associations with Johnson have been more widely aired than any other issue in the campaign. Connally has been a principal fund-raiser for Johnson, he has fought Johnson's state convention battles, and it is politically certain that President Kennedy appointed him to the Cabinet because of Johnson. Only Daniel and Yarborough, among the candidates, have refrained from questioning Johnson's possible role in the race. Otherwise, the accusation that Connally is spearheading a movement

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to make the Vice President the first Texan to enjoy almost complete control of the state's politics manages to get into the dailies about every other day.

Connally is waging his campaign along a broad spectrum, similar in some ways to Daniel. Daniel's support, however, is more dead center, with somewhat more weight on the liberal side. The hard core of Connally's backing, on the other hand, is firmly conservative. Most of the front-line supporters of former Governor Allan Shivers, the conservative Democrat who actively barnstormed for Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956 and for Nixon in 1960, are working for him. The new breed of anti-Daniel businessmen are with him. Connally has the most comprehensive and well-financed statewide campaign in the history of Texas gubernatorial politics.

Connally has repudiated many of the key proposals in the Kennedy program. On the state level, he has recommended a 10 per cent slash in government spending. But mainly he has sought to avoid controversy. In a typical statement which kicked off his campaign, he said he would strive to contribute to Texas "by unifying our people . . . to see that we work closer together toward a common solution of our problems. . . ."

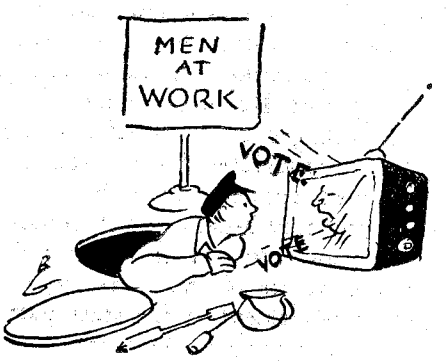
Most of the old-line Democrats in the state could not take Daniel again. For two terms the Governor endorsed a tax on natural-gas pipelines and attacked bankers for their opposition to a mild "escheat" bill. He gave the conservative business interests their hottest broadsides since Jim Hogg. To these interests, Don Yarborough, a liberal, was of course plainly impossible. Wilson was a political cadaver. Connally was the choice, and his campaign these last months has fit perfectly into the conservative mold. A Connally worker in San Antonio said a few days ago, "There's not a single Shivers man in this town who isn't working for Connally."

YARBOROUGH, who ran his first political campaign two years ago for lieutenant governor and got 43 per cent of the vote against an incumbent, has pegged his bid to the New Frontier theme: "The people of Texas want to start moving again. . . . Ask only what Texas can do to make America great. . . . If the Governor of Texas had given us the kind of leadership President Kennedy has given us on the national level, then the state would be on the move again." His campaign slogan is: "Make Texas Number 1."

A native of Houston, the sixth largest city in the United States, he nonetheless has many of the marks of the old-style country politician. His platform prose is rich and evangelic, his style flamboyant. Although he is unmistakably a product of Texas' postwar reform liberalism, his idiom is stocked with many of the phrases of the old American progressives. "Texas' real problem today is," he says in a typical phrase, "we're not modern."

He has been stressing youth and vigor and trying hard, against the inroads of both Daniel and Connally, to keep together in its essentials the patchwork liberal Democratic coalition — labor, the minorities, the "brass-collar" farmers in East and Central Texas, the eggheads. Organized labor is supporting him, and most of Senator Ralph Yarborough's active workers are in his camp. His chances for the second primary largely depend on how spectacular a vote he gets in the heavily industrialized Houston and Gulf Coast areas.

Daniel and Connally supporters warn that if Yarborough wins the Democratic nomination, he will be the most vulnerable of the three against Republican Cox in the November general election. Too many conservative Democrats, they argue, would desert to the GOP. Yarborough people reply that the risk is worth it because of the need to reorient the state Democratic Party toward the goals of the national party, because most deserting Democratic conservatives are Republicans anyway, and because a one-party state government has failed to meet its responsibilities in the urban industrial society Texas has become. Recent surveys show Daniel and Connally running one-two. A Yarborough aide commented a few days ago: "We're the only liberal in the race. With the others divided, if we don't make the run-off we ought to be kicked."




A VICTORY for Connally, Texas liberals believe, would be an unmitigated political disaster, and in a Daniel-Connally second primary the great majority of them would work for Daniel. Those most concerned about Connally reason that Texas politics is moving toward liberalism —that labor is becoming better organized and more sophisticated, that the Latins and the Negroes are finally beginning to wield organized minority power, that the liberal coalition in Texas is gradually learning the lessons taught by years of fratricide. The Republicans, they reason further, are on the move, siphoning off from a catch-all Democratic Party occasional Democratic precinct chairmen and the more frequent rank-and-file conservative Democrats, many of whom have not supported a national ticket since the thirties.

These factors, they say, form the ingredients for an imminent liberal breakthrough within the next four or six or ten years. The election of Connally, they argue, would serve to blunt the issues, stymie reform, postpone a two-party system of keeping state party control in the hands of conservatives, divide the classic liberal coalition against itself, and turn over state government to the dominant business interests.

Such a histrionic view of the present situation may be carrying things slightly too far. The less conservative among Connally's supporters will argue that it is important that the Texas Democratic Party be firmed up along its right wing to carry the state in future national polls, that Vice President Johnson is doing an excellent job and deserves close ties here to preserve his national position, and that Connally will keep state government on a safe middle-



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road course. Whichever view is taken, there is no mistaking the fact that John Connally is, in long-range terms, the central figure in this election.

MOST informed observers predict Walker will poll no more than 75,000 to 100,000 votes in a first-primary turnout of over 1.5 million. Most of his strength lies in Houston, Dallas and deeply conservative West Texas, and his campaign will be a fairly reliable gauge of the far Right in a state noted nationally for its virulence. More than anything else, his campaign is a kind of national crusade, rooted in the frustrations and fears of the international situation. "The reason I am running and my platform are one and the same," he says, "—the need to defend the United States under God in the struggle for survival against international communism. With nine million others in the state, I want Texas to lead the fight."

Walker has no state program as such, and he has concentrated his ire on Communist activity in Mexico, left-wing professors, undisciplined college students, Bobby Kennedy, the national debt, foreign policy, the national left-wing press, high taxation, USIA, the President, the Vice President, the State Department, the U.N. and the Peace Corps. His platform, he announced, is the Texas constitution, which prompted one wag in the capitol press corps to write: "He did not indicate whether he fully favored the right to revolution guaranteed by Article 1, Section 2 of his platform." He has made a curious and somewhat oblique pitch for the Negro vote, a brochure stating that "the presence of racial situations . . . is actually a source of unique cultural benefits here and worldwide." His supporters, probably the most dedicated since the Pappy "Pass the Biscuits" O'Daniel era in Texas, sing the Walker campaign song at rallies. Sung to the tune of *Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet,* the first stanza goes:

Put on your Pro Blue Bonnet
With the Lone Star Upon It
And we'll put Ted Walker on the way!
For when he's in Austin
From L.A. to Boston
Texas leads the USA.

Walker is going to get many hyperconservative votes which might normally have gone into the GOP primary for the first time.

*"They're all around me!"*

THE vote turn-out in the Republican primary will not be an accurate measure of actual GOP manpower in the state, for the simple reason that a large number of conservatives who are casting their ballots for one of the more conservative Democrats will go Republican in the November general election. Eisenhower carried the state in both 1952 and 1956, and Nixon missed by the slimmest of margins. Already two-party in national elections, Texas is tentatively moving in that direction at the state level. In a series of "resignation rallies" characterized by esoteric rituals and varied genuflections, a number of conservative Democrats have in recent months made the formal switch to the GOP. Tower's victory over Cowboy Bill Blakley in the special Senate race last spring gave the state GOP the incentive it needed. As one leader said, "We made our first breakthrough at the top, and now our problem is to go from the top down."

The GOP is a party of young people —aggressive, ambitious, bitterly critical of "a Democratic Party which has deserted its own principles." The effort to proselytize conservative Democrats continues full-scale. The party organization, centering on the new and expanding suburbias of the big cities, is running candidates for every major office, for the legislature and many local positions. Texas Republicanism, let there be no doubt, is indeed conservatism, tailored in the Goldwater cut.

"It's become respectable in Texas to be a Republican," one of their numbers said recently — so respectable that matrons in society stories are now listing membership in the Republican Party in the same sentence with their Junior League and garden club affiliations. The state GOP movement has caused more important twists. Influential conservative Democrats are constantly warning fellow conservatives not to vote in the GOP primary on the grounds that their withdrawal from Democratic elections will debilitate conservative strength and pave the way for the nomination of liberal Democrats. In Houston, ranking Democratic conservatives are so concerned that they are beginning to denounce the GOP as "the party of Rockefeller, Javits and Keating,"— without mentioning Goldwater, Tower or Dirksen. "There's not enough of us conservatives to dominate two parties in Texas," one of them warned. "We'd better stick together to the one we have or we'll lose both. The Democratic Party is the only vehicle for conservatism in Texas." Liberal Democrats and organized labor are frankly encouraging the exodus; it was their boycott of Blakley last year which elected Tower.

THE NEW status of the Republicans in Texas, their dramatic vocabulary and organizational stress, have contributed to the frustrating complexity of state politics here. Though it is becoming less and less so, this is still essentially a one-party system in state-wide elections. The range of political ideology within the Democratic Party itself is much broader and the liberal wing considerably stronger than anywhere else in the South, the splits within the party more meaningful. The position of Vice President Johnson and his apparent Presidential ambitions for 1968 have a further bearing on state developments. All of these factors give Texas state politics a flamboyancy unmatched elsewhere in the country—and makes it wildly incomprehensible to outsiders.



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# Memo: Madison Ave. to Pittsburgh . . *by Edward Ziegler*

To: *Charlie*
FROM: *Ned*
WELL, here's our opportunity, as I see it. No doubt you have already been framing plans for a corrective campaign comparable to the Lowell Thomas *Watching America Grow* series, but if not, permit me to review just where we stand now.

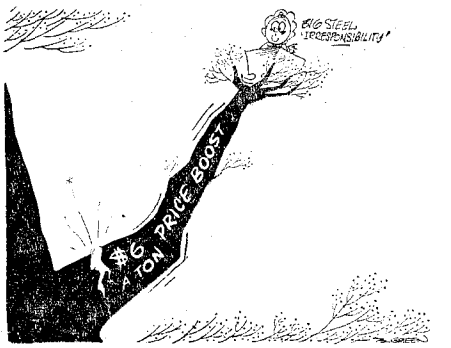
In the first place, the Old Man's public image needs immediate attention. Right? Then the question is how to proceed. Before touching on some ideas that the boys here have been working on with me, maybe I'd better sum up just where the client stands now.

Communications between corporation and public have just broken down. Been jammed by the White House, if you will. So our job? Reopen those communications channels. Just how have they broken down? Somehow, we just didn't get through with the message about needed capital investment to fight back overseas competition. Let me list a few figures we should begin to hit hard, Charlie. They speak pretty much for themselves:

STEEL

| | Exports *(in tons)* | Imports *(in tons)* |
|---|---|---|
| 1956 | 4,348,000 | 1,336,000 |
| 1957 | 5,348,000 | 1,145,000 |
| 1958 | 2,823,000 | 1,676,000 |
| 1959 | 1,677,000 | 4,357,000 |
| 1960 | 2,980,000 | 3,333,000 |
| 1961 | 1,989,000 | 3,145,000 |

Another figure we'll want to work into our materials is that profits for the industry have fallen from an after-tax figure of 7.3 per cent in 1956 to 5.2 per cent in 1961. Now I know we've been working the "cost-price squeeze" angle pretty hard, but somehow it just doesn't get through. For one thing, there's the smart-aleck fringe that always lurks there ready to block our efforts. Run right over 'em, I say. And let's do it with some real aggressive verve for once. Let's pitch our campaign on a homey,



—Providence Journal
*When the Blough Breaks*

straight-from-the-shoulder approach, and let it turn on the Old Man's very warm and convincing statements before the Kefauver Committee of a few years back. Here's just a plain "iron puddler" trying (as he put it) to look after the interests of his company in a free economy, who may be just a bit too plain-spoken for the sophisticates, but not for the real American who can make or break us. That is the job we face.

NOW before I get down to specifics, let me review some of the arguments that are going to crop up in the next few months and suggest ways to counter them. If such erroneous ideas get widespread circulation, we're really going to be in for a real rescue job. So let's approach this as a preventive campaign, and get started right now. First, those counter-arguments:

*1.* That imports may look impressive ton-wise, but price-wise they really don't amount to much—barbed wire, nails, chicken fencing, etc. —while our exports are high-value things like monel metal, nickel-alloy sheet and structural shapes. And percentage-wise, imports only amount to 3 per cent of the total.

*2.* That given fierce foreign competition, the way to fight back is to keep prices low, not to raise them.

*3.* That steel management has been saying its labor costs have gone up in the past four years, while they've really gone down as a percentage of unit cost. That steel management is using labor as the whipping-boy for its own—I've heard this from a reputable journalist—"greedy purposes."

Let's look at those three erroneous arguments again. What rebuttals can we offer?

*1.* The over-all trend in imports is clear and frightening. (See table.) And more and more of it is in high-value items that compete directly with the products of our domestic, vigorous and democratic steel industry. And the percentage is perceptibly rising.

*2.* That, contrary to common misconception, the way to fight back foreign competition is to raise prices. Why? Because that is the only way that investors are going to have sufficient confidence to put into our steel industry the capital it needs to modernize its plants and equipment. Charlie, this is a tough one, I'll grant you. But let's be audacious about it. Let's come right out and tell our story big, bold, and loud: *The Way to Lower Steel Prices Is to Raise Steel Prices.* Short-run, long-run, that's the reality of present-day steel production. I say hit that theme now, keep hitting it, and hit it hard. Then, come year-end, the client can make a price boost stick.

*3.* Employment costs—let's get off this "labor unit-cost" business right now—have indeed been going up in the steel industry, and they continue to go up. Now here we get into accounting, and I don't know any more about accounting than you do, but I've had it explained to me authoritatively by Pittsburgh, and it's clearly true. Now hourly labor cost is another point. I suspect that has been going down a bit. So let's just drop this phrase "labor cost" and get onto "employment cost" now—and stay on it. As for steel being "greedy" in any way, I say let's come out swinging on that one. Look at the wartime profit figures of Big Steel if you want to demolish that argument in a hurry. Or look at Korean War figures. They all tell the same story. Greedy? Far from it. Dedicated, patriotic, sacrificial production is what it is and has been. (One caution here, and it's important: We better assure that we don't get maneuvered into any discussion of "certificates of necessity" or "rapid

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*EDWARD ZIEGLER, former newspaper man and editor, is author of the just-published* Men Who Make Us Rich *(Macmillan).*



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write-offs" by the smart-aleck fringe. The accountants say that without them the profits figures would have been embarrassingly large in both periods. But that's pretty rich stuff for the general public, and I'm sure it won't give us any trouble.)

ALL RIGHT. I've sketched very briefly where we stand, what kind of a campaign theme we ought to use, and what arguments we should be prepared to counter. How to proceed? On two fronts: Advertising and public relations.

Let's start with full-page ads in the big cities, perhaps with this kind of general package: The Old Man in an outline cut top left, in informal clothing. Maybe in a flannel shirt, leaning over a farmyard fence. Then, for a headline, something like "Straight Talk on Your America and Mine." Below, we can have pictures of steel-mill products in all their various uses, and the inexpensiveness of them. Housewives and farmers and commuters and school children all belong in these pictures, and to each of them the Old Man can be explaining about the research and production costs that resulted in such bargains for them. They should be smiling and respectful-looking—exuding what you might call deferential warmth to the Old Man. And each of them should be agreeing that yes, steel is one of the wondrous bargains of this private-enterprise system of ours, and prices *do* have to go up for our own welfare.

Now let this campaign run in a thirteen-week period in all the big-city dailies and in the big slicks as well. Maybe it would make good sense to have a filmed version of these interviews for spot-TV use, too, but that's just an idea at this stage, that may be worth pursuing.

Now for the PR effort. Here we can really make hay. The boys have a demonstrated ability to place articles, as you know, and there's no reason why we can't get across-the-board placements here—shelter mags, big slicks, women's, newsweeklies, you name it. Here are some ideas.

For "The Most Unforgettable Character" slot in *Reader's Digest*, we've got a line on the Old Man's schoolteacher (she's ninety-seven, so we're going to get right on it) in that one-room schoolhouse down in Pennsylvania. We figure for a few hundred she'll undertake a piece on the Old Man. (Hillary is already at work on it from our Philadelphia office.)

This next idea really is a cowcatcher on the fine Scripps-Howard edit you probably saw. It started out by saying the Old Man "practically turned the other cheek yesterday in his reply to President Kennedy. But his soft answer turned away no wrath." Now we're lining up a warm profile that's going to show that that performance wasn't an isolated event but is part of a personality notable for its soft-spoken, conciliatory aspects. No strong ideas on placements for that one yet, but it sounds good for *Life*, maybe—with lots of pictures. God knows they're taking most anything these days, so I'd say our chances are good.

SO it goes, Charlie. We're all set. All we need now is your go-ahead on a modestly expanded budget for our department. It involves an initial outlay of $200,000, plus a retainer-increment of $75,000 for our overhead. I don't think the Finance Committee over there should balk a bit. Probably be pleased at the economy of it, in fact. So, as I see it, if you can make the pitch within the next day or so, we ought to be able to get some kind of go-ahead by early next week. I'm free for lunch whenever you say, if you think we have to firm up our plans any more. Oh yes—there is one other thing. Better make that retainer $95,000. We're going to need two more men especially for this campaign. I've got a line on the two guys I want, but need the go-ahead to talk salary.

For whatever it may be worth: When you make the pitch to the Finance Committee, you might point out that this will be an investment in lower costs.

# ASLEEP ON THE DEEP . . *by William S. Ellis*

*Portland, Me.*

THIS country's one remaining link with traditional free enterprise is near the breaking point, having been subjected to an excessive strain of indifference. Not much is being done to stop the drift into oblivion of the New England commercial fishing industry. Indeed, it is now questionable whether anything can be done, short of instituting heavy government subsidies, to save this first-born of the nation's industries.

*WILLIAM S. ELLIS, former newspaper reporter, is a free-lance writer.*

It is not a pleasant picture: decaying piers and wharves, beached vessels, shuttered waterfront shops, and men who have known no provider but the sea suddenly forced to compete in a world where cod and halibut mean nothing more than words on Friday's menu. There is grim irony in the picture, too, for consumer demand for fish has risen steadily in recent years.

If and when the industry succumbs, a significant era will have ended. Commercial fishing off the shores of northern New England was the first draft of the grand design for "individual initiative" in the country. It offered to those willing to accept the hardships the rare advantage of participating in a business where the basic product was free for the taking.

Profit from the industry helped finance other industries, and with the arrival of each loaded trawler at the now famous fishing ports in Maine and Massachusetts, a young and struggling America gained added strength. The waters of the North Atlantic seemed to hold an inexhaustible supply of fish. Lobsters and giant sea scallops, haddock, hake,



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whitefish, cusk and mackerel—they were all there, ready to fill the nets and the traps and to satisfy the dogged determination of the individualists in the yellow slickers. In 1910, the Maine scallop industry reached a record annual production with landings totaling more than two million pounds, but in the years to follow the catches became increasingly smaller. It was the starfish, said the men of the fleet: the starfish were eating the scallops. And then they began to worry about possible depletion of other species.

Fear of depletion became somewhat of a phobia among many New England fishermen. Motivated in good measure by this fear was the failure to modernize the fleet, to overhaul the industry and, in general, to prepare to meet the foreign competition everyone seemed to be expecting. The competition came, all right, and from the decks of their battered wooden trawlers the men from Boston and Portland and New Bedford watched in dismay as foreign, government-subsidized fleets of gleaming steel vessels invaded the rich fishing grounds of Georges Bank, in the North Atlantic.

The cries of protest might have been louder had not most of the New England fishermen been choking on the myth that free enterprise, in the early American tradition, is self-adjustable to the times. It developed, then, that 70 per cent of the fish now consumed in the United States is imported. Production, meanwhile, has declined nearly 50 per cent in the past forty years.

DOWN through the years, the fishing industry has become almost hopelessly entangled in a web of archaic laws, the most oppressive of which dates back to 1792. Basically, the law forbids the purchase of foreign-built fishing vessels, weighing over five tons, for documentation in this country.

New England fishermen, of course, are not opposed to the protection of American shipbuilding interests (they, as much as anyone, have reason to appreciate such protection, having absorbed some of the first economic shocks of the postwar recovery of Japan and the Common Market miracle), but if they are to purchase new vessels at all, it must be from foreign yards. The cost of having a modern trawler constructed in this country is prohibitive for the average New England fisherman. Builders in Holland offer ninety-foot steel trawlers—fully equipped, including radar and fish scopes—for about $83,000. The same boat built here would cost a minimum of $125,000. The U. S. Government is willing to help make up a portion of the difference, but most fishermen find it impossible to meet the requirements for such aid.

An overlooked paradox in the 1792 law as it applies today is this: there are few, if any, shipbuilders in this country either prepared or willing to produce the type of vessel best suited for fishing operations in the North Atlantic. Thus, the government is, in effect, protecting a non-existing industry.

THE harmful effect of the law is reflected in present-day scenes along the once handsome waterfront of Portland, Maine. There, creaking and squeaking as they bob about like so many splay-staved tubs in river rapids, are some of the nineteen vessels in the Portland fishing fleet. One of the boats is more than seventy-five years old, but it is still in service, going to sea in defiance of all concepts of safety. There is no toilet on the boat (only five of the nineteen Portland trawlers do have toilets). Sleeping quarters are crowded and pungently distinctive with a blended aroma of fish, gasoline fumes and soggy sneakers. Shamelessly flaunting their rude good health, the rodent residents of the vessel use the galley for a gymnasium.

Recently, a magnificent Danish fishing boat came to Portland. Actually, the vessel was as much a pleasure craft as it was a working boat. For example, it was completely air-conditioned and there were thick carpets in the crewmen's lounge. Portland fishermen were unabashedly envious. "When we finish our day's work, we go below and put on smoking jackets," a crewman on the boat told a crewman on one of the Portland trawlers. "When we finish work," the trawlerman replied, "we go below and put on life jackets."

Since the seaworthiness of many of the vessels in the New England fleet can be questioned, ocean marine-insurance premiums are exorbitantly high. Stanley Tupper, Republican Congressman from Maine and a member of the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee, has estimated that in some cases premiums for ten years of coverage on one old trawler would involve enough money to buy a new trawler. Tupper would like to have the government underwrite a portion of the insurance cost. A move to have New England fishermen included in the federal Longshoremen's and Harbor Workers' Act, making them eligible for payments on account of injury, has widespread support in the industry.

THE federal government has been suspiciously reluctant to help the industry. Even now, while President Kennedy stresses the need for protecting certain domestic interests (glass, carpet manufacturers) from Common Market encroachments, the industry on which the economy of the country was weaned is allowed to sink in a quagmire of unconcern. Why? Simply stated, the New England fishing industry is being sacrificed — knowingly or not — in the interest of international cooperation.

The Federal Tariff Commission in 1956 recommended that the tariff on imported fish be raised as a means of aiding the domestic industry. President Eisenhower, however, vetoed the measure, although two months earlier he had approved a similar commission move to restrict sales of wood from Great Britain, France and Italy to this country. Eisenhower said a higher tariff on fish would be a blow to the economies of Iceland, Canada and Norway. What he failed to add was that approval of the recommendation might have endangered the negotiations then under way to extend the treaty permitting U. S. troops to be based in fish-exporting Iceland.

And at a time when Canada was making it possible for a man to get in the fish business on a large scale, but with only a small investment, the U. S. Department of Justice was making an almost ludicrous attempt to apply the antitrust laws to Maine's lobstermen. Going back to



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1947, when there was an urgent need for technological research in the industry, the Fish and Wildlife Service requested $401,000 for the commercial-fisheries studies; the House of Representatives approved the appropriation only after it had been slashed to $200,000.

While the New England fishing industry was running the Washington obstacle course, other nations were making major advances in commercial fishing. In Canada, the government let it be known that it was prepared to finance construction of new boats and new fish-processing plants in the form of low-interest, long-term loans. Now, practically every small Canadian port has modern docking and harbor facilities provided by the government. Lower production costs developed as a result of the government-aid program, and Canadian fish products became available in this country at prices which domestic producers found impossible to meet. Frozen blocks of codfish from Denmark began to appear on the market in Gloucester, a situation comparable to a linoleum sale in an Isfahan bazaar.

AS FAR AS technological advances were concerned, the United States was being left far behind. Vessels of major foreign fleets have so far surpassed the rotting trawlers out of Portland and Boston that there no longer remains much hope of ever catching up. Danish fishermen, for example, have been able to double their catches within the past decade without adding one extra man to the crews; while that may not speak well for employment, it certainly illustrates the type of efficiency conceived by government subsidy and born of modern equipment.

With the decline of traditional American fishing supremacy in the North Atlantic, there has been a corresponding increase in activity there by foreign vessels. Late last year, a fleet of fifty or more Russian trawlers arrived at fishing grounds barely fifty miles from the Cape Cod summer home of President Kennedy. They were accompanied by two mother ships which were, in effect, floating factories. The trawlers would unload their catches onto the mother ships where the fish would be cleaned by machine—twenty-four times as fast as it is done by hand on American boats—and frozen on the spot. New England fishermen had never seen anything quite like it.

BEFORE long, complaints were being made to the State Department, but government officials pointed out that the Russians had a right to fish the grounds. When it was charged that the Russians were violating an international law by using small

mesh nets so fine "they could drag up mud," the Coast Guard said it could not board ships in international waters unless they were under American registry. Clearly, Washington had no intention of kicking up a fuss over the matter.

The Russian ships are still there, and recently a large, modern fishing vessel flying the Polish flag and carrying a Chinese crew moved into the area. It is not unlikely that the Communists have something more in mind than simply looting the Atlantic banks of fish. For example, they may be collecting information on water temperatures and thermal layers, subjects of considerable importance in submarine warfare. A newsman who flew over the Russian fleet reported seeing some of the trawlers with decks conspiciously free of nets. Even so, the Russians continue to out-fish us, just as the Canadians and Icelanders continue to outprice us.

The Soviet trawlers off Cape Cod have an average length of 170 feet, as compared to the 138-foot *Flying Cloud*, the largest vessel in the Boston fishing fleet. The larger factory ships have many of the pleasant features generally associated with passenger liners. Crewmen are served their meals by uniformed waiters and waitresses. Sleeping and recreational quarters are clean, spacious and comfortable. Understandably, the average Russian crewman is quite content to stay at sea for months at a time. American fishermen are not willing to do that because, for one thing, the discomforts of working on the old New England trawlers are much too formidable to be endured over a long period of time. The seas are extremely heavy at Georges Bank much of the time and there is a constant danger of collision (the bank is on the New York-Great Britain passenger liner route). Then, too, there are the icebergs and the cruel storms known only to the North Atlantic.

The New England fisherman, therefore, stays out for, say, seven days. If the fishing is good, he will collect perhaps $135 at the end of the trip. The pay is not exceptional, the working conditions leave much to be desired and there is every reason to believe that things will get still worse. These unpleasant facts have not been lost on the younger men who, because of family traditions, would be expected to become commercial fishermen. They are staying ashore in droves. Most New England fishermen are in their late fifties — too old to change jobs and too young to have been completely immunized against reality by memories of past glories.

THIS country now ranks fifth in the production of fish: Japan is first, followed by China, Peru and Russia. Peru is mainly concerned with the production of fish meal, a chemically clean, high-protein food. Because the undesirable parts of the fish (i.e., head, tail) are used to make the meal, the U.S. Government will not allow it to be sold here. No violation of health standards is involved, merely the fear of offending the American housewife (who by the way, readily purchases certain imported seafood impurities euphemistically labeled as "delicacies").

For every ten million pounds of fillets, there are about twenty-four million pounds of heads, tails and other waste (known in the business



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as "awful"). Restricted by law from making profitable use of the "awful," New England fish producers must sell it for what they can get. Five years ago "awful" brought $17 a ton. Current price: $5 a ton.

IT HAS NOW reached the point where to loosen these legal shackles would not in itself be enough to save the industry. Even if fishermen were permitted to purchase vessels abroad, even if they were allowed to produce fish meal for consumption in this country, something else would be needed. That something, of course, is financial help from the government.

As surviving bearers of the now tattered standard of classic free enterprise, New England fishermen are reluctant to press for subsidies; to do so, they feel, would be to impale their Yankee individuality on a stake of "socialism." A suggestion that free enterprise of the early American period has little relevance to the workings of today's economic machinery evokes the shibboleths of another era. These men speak of the need for loans: loans to purchase boats (from abroad), loans to finance new processing plants, loans to sustain their dreams of one day regaining supremacy in commercial fishing.

"All we want is a chance to compete with foreign producers," said Arne Petersen. "We feel that the first thing that must be done is for the government to let us buy our boats in foreign countries. It doesn't seem right to let Americans buy tankers or pleasure craft abroad, but not fishing boats. We are not asking to have our business subsidized, but a government loan program is needed."

Arne Petersen is a young official of a large fishery in Portland. Literature on the latest types of equipment for fishing vessels is stacked high on his desk, and he likes to think that one day the New England fleet will be modernized. He has not abandoned hope that something will be done to avert a situation whereby domestic processing plants will be reduced to handling strictly foreign fish products. "Wooden trawlers — even *new* wooden trawlers — are outmoded in this day and age," he said. "We need the steel boats with all the latest equipment."

Petersen's views represent those of a small group in the industry. Members of the group are, for the most part, young and not at all hesitant about expressing criticism of the industry itself. They charge it with having been shortsighted at a time when long-range planning was needed. But there is also another view.

"Why should we modernize the fleet? Fish stocks are being depleted now. What would happen if we started using new equipment?"

Making that observation was Roderick B. Littlefield, president of a wholesale fish firm in Portland. Littlefield has been in the business for many years and he is not at all convinced that commercial fishing in New England has fallen on such evil days. Seated at an old-fashioned desk in his office which, not surprisingly, is full of the woody massiveness of once heroic ships, Littlefield looked up and said, "If we are in trouble it is because of a variety of reasons, one of which is the practice of the modern housewife to use so many frozen-food products, especially fish." And then he lamented the passing of home-made bread.

Littlefield conceded that he was impressed with some of the new steel trawlers under foreign registry. "I was on one of the Russian boats and it certainly was modern — stainless steel, air conditioning and all that. But I also noticed something else — those Russian crewmen never smile."

But, as Petersen might say, they aren't threatened by the crack-up of their industry, either.

# Democracy: a Creed for all Seasons.. *by Seymour Slessinger*

SINCERE democrats have been prompted lately to wonder if the West is sufficiently armed ideologically to meet the challenge posed by communism. This anxiety is partly the result of the West's inability to present the democratic "message" in a way that stirs the imagination. It is also the result of the seemingly impenetrable "iron and bamboo curtains" and the disturbing confidence with which Communist spokesmen predict that Marxism-Leninism will inevitably constitute the philosophical basis of a new world order. And equally disturbing is the apparent failure of the people in the underdeveloped countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America to adopt democracy as the basis for their own societies.

What appears to be a Western handicap in the so-called battle for men's minds is a natural cause for concern. However, it would be a mistake to conclude that democracy is now destined for the closet of historical relics unless some radical changes are made. On the contrary, closer examination into the nature of the ideological conflict reveals that the imbalance of force in communism's favor is more apparent than real and that the seeming weakness of the democratic argument is, in the long run, actually its main source of strength.

In short-run competition with communism, or any totalitarian ideology, democracy suffers a disadvantage that can be traced to its fundamental premise: namely, that the truth, or the solution to all of mankind's problems, is not known. This is the product of long experience with magic-formula concepts that have repeatedly failed to work. Though this premise may seem negative, it provides the only starting point from which one can pro-

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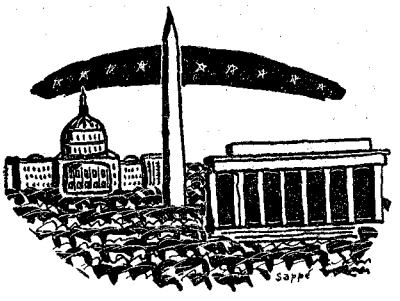
ceed rationally to the principle that all men must be free to pursue truth and then to the constitutionally based political arrangement that best facilitates this quest. In short, democracy is not an end in itself, but rather a method (indeed the only practical method) of pursuing truth.

Few people, whether advanced or underdeveloped, literate or illiterate, reject the importance that democracy assigns to them, or deny that government should be no more than an instrument in the service of social, economic and cultural progress. At the same time, however, many have difficulty in accepting (1) the notion that solutions to mankind's problems cannot be known in advance, and (2) the individual's responsibility for progress that this fact implies. Since time immemorial, man has been seeking a short-cut to success and, like the medieval alchemist who worked tirelessly to find a method of manufacturing gold, he has been a die-hard in his determination that the right formula will be found sooner or later.

IN ONE sense, the growth of Western democracy can be described as a process of disenchantment with the idea that a magic formula for success can be found, made possible over a long period by a rise in living standards. Democracy can also be described as a product of the commercial-industrial revolution that the age of exploration and discovery ushered in several centuries ago: a revolution that destroyed restrictive feudalism and ultimately replaced it with what we call the Western middle-class conception of social order, based on increasing social mobility, opportunity and individual satisfaction. As scientific and technological progress increased freedom from stifling economic and social pressures, the individualistic spirit was rekindled and confidence in coping with the problems of life rose rapidly. And it followed logically that man began to seek solutions to his problems in cooperation with others, based on mutual respect.



The democratic philosophy cannot be "packaged" for instant consumption because, though offering great hopes, it can guarantee nothing. A democrat doesn't know with certainty when social progress commenced and he doesn't know when, how or why it will achieve a "highest stage." What he does know is that man has been faced with problems before, is faced with some now, and most likely will be faced with more in the future. But, based on his experience, he is confident that most problems can be solved, or at least reduced to manageable proportions, through cooperation with others.

In the world market of ideas, democracy is not meaningful to people whose economic and social conditions remain unaffected by modern science and technology and whose principal attention is devoted to obtaining an inadequate subsistence. It could not be any other way. Telling a semi-starved Asian, African or Latin American (or even a poor East European) that he is a repository of truth and the possessor of inalienable rights may evoke a nod of approval, but he is likely to respond negatively, if at all, when told that there is no foolproof plan for success and that the responsibility is essentially his. In his condition of life, which he now knows contrasts sharply with that of others, the idea of a magic formula plays an important part. He wants progress at the fastest rate and he doesn't want to hear about the complexities of life, or about his particular obligations in the search for solutions to problems. Hence he is susceptible to magic formulas like communism, which not only reduces all problems to a single cause and promises quick solutions, but also releases him from responsibility through the discovery of certain "underlying impersonal forces" that render the "highest stage" of social development inevitable.

Though it may appear that the West lacks sufficient ammunition for ideological warfare, the image is a deceptive one. From a very practical standpoint, the fact that democracy does not reduce all problems to a single cause and makes no promise of inevitable success, in the long run provides a vital advantage. In plain language, the same difficulty involved in an attempt to prove the validity of democracy is also met in an attempt to disprove it. To illustrate the point, there exists no rational basis upon which one can argue that the solution to all of mankind's problems will be discovered.

In contrast, communism, or any totalitarian philosophy, affords no comparable "escape hatch," since the goal and method are spelled out with utmost, and naive, precision. Thus, for example, because the Communist attributes all of mankind's ills to the institution of private property and postulates socialism as the only remedy, he must account for the fact that socialism has not yet produced harmony either within a Communist state or among Communist states. Also, because he is definite in his conception of ultimate success, the Communist needs to explain why the promises of Marxism have not been fulfilled. Khrushchev recently promised to complete the transformation of Soviet Russia into a Communist society by 1980. But how will he, or his successors, explain—when it happens, as it inevitably will—that many citizens of the Utopia fail to apply, with proper altruism, the maxim "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs"? Or what will be said in explanation of the fact that the state has not "withered away"?

IT APPEARS evident that, in the long run, the ideological contest with communism is really no contest at all, since the competition is largely made up of empty promises and impossible predictions. And that the latter are, in fact, seeds of self-destruction is already apparent, for the Communist philosophical strait jacket is coming apart at the seams. Inasmuch as Communists need to justify their policies in ideological terms, differences in policy among them, due to local factors,



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become the basis for ideological dispute. As Tito, Mao Tse-tung and Gomulka demonstrate, there is no longer a definite Communist dogma, but rather a variety of dogmas. And it is safe to predict that the number will increase with the passage of time.

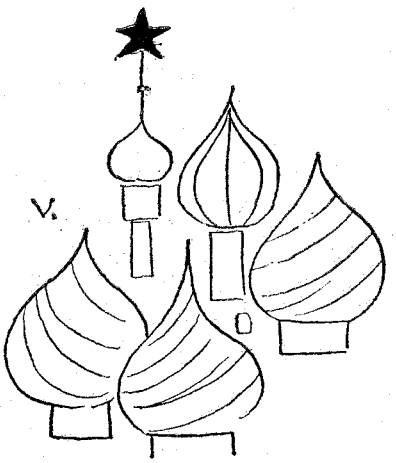
Another aspect of the process of Communist self-destruction can be found in the growing scientific-technological base of the Soviet Union. In a sense, Russia is now entering a stage of commercial-industrial revolution comparable to that achieved by the Western countries several centuries ago, and with the same impact internally. Soviet economic progress is spawning a Communist version of the middle class, composed of scientists, technicians, bureaucrats, teachers, artists and entertainers. The capitalist-entrepreneur is one element of the Western middle class not present in the Soviet context. But its absence is unlikely to make a big difference, since the vital element of desire for economic wealth and social prestige is present.

SOVIET SOCIETY today is in a post-feudal stage, and it constitutes a bridge across which the emerging middle class marches in growing numbers. Scientific and technological progress, by releasing old economic and social pressures and opening channels of opportunity, is generating a surge of individual spirit and confidence in coping with the problems of life. Growing disenchantment with Marxism as a magic formula is already patent. It is evident in the flagging revolutionary zeal of second-generation members of the Soviet middle class, for which such comforts as city apartments, country *dachas,* and *Pobeda* autos can be held partly responsible. It is also evident in the emerging third generation, which is displaying even more definite signs of ideological nonconformity, if not outright rebellion. [See "Moscow vs. Peking: Reasons for the Rift," by Alexandre Metaxas, *The Nation*, April 14.]

This does not mean, of course, that Soviet Russia is about to burst forth as a full-blown democratic society. However, it would not be unreasonable to speculate that, given further economic progress, the Soviet middle class will grow rapidly and, along with it, a pervasive nonconformist, anti-authoritarian climate. Indeed, Khrushchev or his successors may be surprised when the projected Communist society of 1980 is marked by a whirlpool of philosophical disaffection rather than the serenity of social harmony. And what can be said of Soviet Russia might also be said of the East European satellite states, whose economic progress is tied to Russia's.

PROGRESS toward democracy in the underdeveloped countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America will, in many instances, lag behind Europe's because of the rudimentary economic and social conditions that prevail. But the process of development need not necessarily require the long period undergone in the West. Despite arrested development on those continents, modern communication has facilitated the growth of an intense desire for rapid accomplishment. Furthermore — a fact without parallel in history—the ambition for progress is being fed by the willingness (albeit enforced) of the advanced countries to lend great technical and material assistance.

While the people of the underdeveloped countries may be susceptible to the appeal of communism's magic formula, a hopeful note can be found in the fact that some appear to have discovered an alternative formula in the cold war which, ironically, has transformed the advanced countries into seeming philanthropic institutions. Neutralism is how many of the Asian, African and Latin American countries describe their foreign policies, but in no case has neutralism prevented them from taking advantage of the opportunity to prod the West and the Communist bloc into competing with each other as benefactors of the world's underprivileged. In other words, given a prolonged cold war, in which it is possible to continue playing the major power blocs against ecah other, the underdeveloped countries may require no other formula for their progress toward higher living standards, the growth of a middle class and the



subsequent anti-authoritarian ramifications.

All things considered, then, it doesn't seem that Western democrats need to be extremely concerned about possible ideological weaknesses. To be sure, a skeptic might point to the experience of Germany, Italy and Austria between the World Wars as evidence of democracy's fragile nature. However, one needs to bear in mind that democratic strength depends in large part on rising living standards and time, and cannot be accomplished simply by destroying an authoritarian political framework and printing a statement of principles. The most effective reply to the argument based on the German, Italian and Austrian examples (which were really unsuccessful first steps toward democracy, rather than decisive failures) is the fact that no democracy, given reasonable time to develop, has ever chosen the authoritarian alternative voluntarily. Despite the pressures generated by the Great Depression and the Second World War, none of the indisputably democratic countries — the United Kingdom, the United States, Canada, Ireland, New Zealand, Australia, Switzerland, the Scandinavian and Benelux countries —fell victim to the appeal of totalitarianism. On the contrary, the ideological competition only sharpened existing democratic convictions.

"Hard-sell" or "soft-sell" propaganda techniques nothwithstanding, the fact of the matter is that, in the final analysis, the "proof of the pudding is in the eating." This simple fact affords democracy its best opportunity to present its message effectively.



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# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Peasants in Power

*THE TAPROOT OF SOVIET SOCIETY*. By Nicholas R. Vakar. Introduction by Harrison E. Salisbury. Harper & Bros. 204 pp. $4.75.

***Lord Taylor***

SIMPLE EXPLANATIONS of complex phenomena are often true, but seldom the whole truth. This does not make them any the less valuable, provided their limitations are realized. It is not to be expected that the proponents of simple heterodoxies should provide the necessary qualifications; the enthusiastic discoverer of a new truth is seldom also the coolly analytical critic where his own new truth is concerned.

Nicholas Vakar was born in Kiev in 1897; he became an American citizen and is at present professor of Russian Civilization at Wheaton College. For a discoverer, he is pretty cool and delightfully clear. I failed to find in his crisp brisk prose a single sentence whose meaning was not apparent at first reading. He has packed his important thesis into a text of 168 pages of large print. So he is off to a flying start.

Moreover, Mr. Vakar goes a long way toward complete objectivity, which in political science is good going. But the outsider, by which I mean the non-American, is every now and then brought up with a jerk by a remark so surprising as to take one's breath away. A moment's reflection soon shows that Mr. Vakar is doing no more than quote current American liberal background thinking. What staggers one is how far this is from the thinking of the ordinary British people about Russia and the Russians.

Mr. Vakar's first job, ably helped by Harrison Salisbury in a model introduction, is to debunk the type of academic Sovietology which is based on a study of the minutiae of Marxism-Leninism and its current interpretations. This stuff is, if anything, one degree duller and sillier than the original. The first lesson one learns in elementary clinical psychiatry is that, in conversing with the victim of a psychotic delusion, what matters is not what he says but the way that he says it. The untrained person will follow up thought content until he is as confused as his patient, forgetting that the essence of the disease is that the thought content is nonsense.

Nowadays, we must all know our Marxism and Leninism. More important, we ought to know just where the arguments are correct and where they are fallacious. Here I find many people go wrong. They either accept or, more usually, condemn the lot. In fact, Marxism, like Freudian psychology, does contain some truth. Indeed, without this grain of truth, neither would have any appeal. But the nonsense seems so self-evident that the grain of truth gets neglected.

Americans, it seems to us, are inclined to treat Freudian psychology as though it were all truth and Marxism as though it were all rubbish. We British would be inclined to give both of them a truth-falsehood ratio of 30:70. We would add that their practitioners in each case honestly believe them to be 100 per cent true. Mr. Vakar's thesis makes excellent sense, but when he throws away the baby of Marxist truth with the bath water of Marxist asininity, he ceases to behave as an objective social scientist. Still these lapses from Olympian perfection are rare; if we lapse as seldom we shall be doing very well.

FOR Mr. Vakar, the taproot of Soviet society is the peasant origin of the great majority of the Soviet people, whether rulers or ruled. Russia today is a village society in transition, starting from a pretty primitive base line. To British people, our agricultural revolution is almost as familiar as our industrial revolution. It has taken us more than 150 years to achieve a high and steady level of efficient agriculture. This has been possible only through a large measure of state planning and socialization, while making maximum use of the enterprise of individual farmers. We are familiar enough with conservative countrymen, but the divisions between our townsmen and countrymen have, for reasons of geography, been small. So the one has frequently denuded and then fertilized the other. Not so with the Russians. Townsmen and peasants have had separate histories.

Mr. Vakar beautifully describes the basic structure of Russian peasant life. The unit was the *izba* or cottage of two or three rooms with an enclosed court yard, the *dvor*. This was the family home, with living and sleeping conditions not unlike those of the merchant navy at its worst. In a big family, there was no room for, or indeed any notion of, privacy. Life in such a home was inevitably primary communism. Farming was marginal, survival depending on human fertility. Without maximum production from all members of the group, the family as a whole would go under. In such circumstances, rigid authoritarianism was both natural and inevitable. Father might call a family council, but it was advisory only. He would decide, and having decided, he would expect, and be expected, to receive unanimous support. There was no nonsense about majority rule; as for minority rights, they were unheard of. No time could be wasted on verbal persuasion; the normal method was physical. A father beat his sons, they beat theirs, and the children beat the animals. Hence the brawls and beatings which abound in tales of Russian rural life. Put in other words, a Communist social life was enforced by totalitarian rule by the head of the household. Mr. Vakar quotes the case of the Belorussian peasant who, in 1911, drowned his disobedient son. Tried by a rural court, he was found guilty and sentenced to three months in jail, not for murder but for failing to bring the boy up in the sacred duty of filial obedience.

At once we start to see emerging a pattern which fits remarkably conveniently the preconceived hypothesis of the good Marxist. Yet it is a pattern which will not fit without stretching here and there. Mr. Vakar shows that the victor in the stretching process has sometimes been peasant experience rather than Marxist theory. Yet in the countryside itself, it is Marx who has won.

Many observers have remarked on the docility of the Russian masses in the face of tyranny. Mr. Vakar suggests it

*LORD TAYLOR, who describes himself as a right-wing Fabian Socialist, is a doctor of medicine and a Labour Life Peer. He is a psychologist who has specialized in social and industrial medicine; for the last twelve years he has been active in the building of Harlow, a new town north of London. A few weeks ago, Lord Taylor attracted wide attention with an article in* The Sunday Times *(London) on the psychology of the Russian people.*



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is not due to conditioning by the Czars but rather the reverse. The Czars' behavior was a natural response to a national need; family autocracy can function only in a national autocracy, and habitual obedience is a cause and not a result of political tyranny.

Given that obedience is a cardinal virtue — even when the command is foolish or wicked—it would not seriously have occurred to the Russian people that, when in 1956 Mr. Khrushchev denounced the sins of Marshal Stalin, he shared his master's guilt by having served him obediently and efficiently. Mr. Vakar comments that "to the civilized man, trained to consider all men morally responsible for their actions, this was hypocrisy." Yet suppose Mr. Khrushchev had behaved to Marshal Stalin like Mr. Vakar's "civilized man," he would have disappeared swiftly and quietly with never a ripple on the pages of history. When up against a phenomenon like Marshal Stalin, the practical politician faces a very different dilemma from that which confronts the abstract moralist. However much he disagrees with the dictator's policy, he may well feel that his first duty to the society he seeks to serve is so to conduct himself that he survives, and that only thus can he hope to correct the dictator's errors. And who are we to say that he is wrong?

MR. VAKAR claims a geographical universality for the salient features of the peasant mind. This is a partial truth only, for geography itself varies the challenge presented to the peasant, and even his capacity to respond. Where farming is hard, the peasant learns patience, endurance, shrewdness and caution. But Mr. Vakar fails to substantiate his claim for the universality of patriarchal obedience on the Russian model. Perhaps this is just as well, for if it were true, communism might well be the "natural" evolution of all peasant societies.

Put briefly, Mr. Vakar sees the present rulers of Russia as Russian peasants in a new environment. Insofar as the revolution was made by political intellectuals, Stalin liquidated them. Their places have been taken by men and women from the countryside, bred up in peasant ways, with patience, endurance, caution, obedience, suspicion, shrewdness and ruthlessness as main personality characteristics.

To expect Western logic from such people is absurd. Maurice Baring, in *Landmarks in Russian Literature* (University Paperback; Barnes & Noble), recalls that when Dostoevsky was in prison, a simple fellow called Shushilov was in for a like sentence for a crime he had not committed. He had been sentenced to transportation — a few years' open life in Siberia — but was persuaded by a murderer named Mikhailov to change places with him. Mikhailov explained that although he was going to prison, he was destined for a special department where treatment was exceptional. While drunk, Shushilov was induced, in the presence of a witness, to sell his name for a red shirt and a silver ruble. The strange part of the story was this: the other convicts despised Shushilov, not because he had exchanged his sentence, but because he had made so bad a bargain of it. When negotiating with Russians, one should remember Shushilov and the convicts.

AS AN explanation of a large part of Russian behavior, I think Mr. Vakar has made his case. But it is no good protesting as he does, that Marxism is nonsense and so does not matter. These peasants are soaked in Marxism; it is from Marxist hypotheses that they negotiate; and they are out to win Marxist victories. It does not seem nonsense to them; in fact it makes excellent sense. Indeed, Mr. Vakar's account of their emotional upbringing helps us to understand why it makes sense.

Our long-term job is not only to understand them, but to show them, by practical demonstration, that Marxist economics no longer have universal validity; as we see it in England, Keynes and Beveridge taught us how to prove Marx wrong in practice. But the job of re-educating the Russians will be not only long but tough; and it must start with ourselves.

One minor criticism I must make of Mr. Vakar's picture. He fails to bring out the very real kindness and humanity which individual Russians display to a degree greater than the members of many national groups. Recently we were showing a party of Russian doctors the most advanced medical and surgical units in Britain. But what impressed them most was a rather scruffy country geriatric hospital, for, they said, "Here you are treating your old people with the kindness and dignity which they deserve." I hope these would be our sentiments too; and perhaps this is why ordinary British people often feel very near to ordinary Russian people, despite the whims and foibles of both our rulers.


# A PLAN TO REPLACE MILITARY SPENDING

- Conserve all natural resources; preserve and protect the wilderness. Extend reforestation and the seeding of adaptable vegetation to all lands where possible and feasible.
- Retard the flow of the rivers; deepen their channels; raise the water levels at appropriate places to restore underground tables and provide ample reserves for irrigation and domestic uses.
- From the forces of falling and flowing waters, utilized to their maximum potential, develop an abundance of low cost electric power, with widespread facilities for distribution.
- Link the lakes and rivers with dams, canals, and locks, to form a continental network of inland navigation. Restore the steamboats; and use these interlocking lakes and rivers for the movement of cargo and courses of travel.
- Rehabilitate the railways; free their operation from the burdens of unjust discrimination. Use rapid rail transit in the metropolitan areas.
- Construct dwelling spaces for human habitation in place of fantastic superprofits for real estate racketeers.

These vital and basic factors, so essential to the health, the well-being, and the future of the Nation, are drifting rapidly to wrack and ruin under cumulative and destructive forces inherent in the present power-crazed, speed-maddened, ratrace derangement of life and living.

**ALL THIS THEY CALL PROGRESS**

by Lewis Lindsay

With a foreword by Burton H. Wolfe, editor and publisher of The Californian.

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# Morale from Below

*UNDERDOGS: Anguish and Anxiety.* Eighteen Men and Women Write Their Own Case Histories. Edited with Introduction by Philip Toynbee. Horizon Press. 268 pp. $4.50.

***Julian Moynahan***

ALL the contributors to this symposium of failure are anonymous and British. They wrote their accounts in response to a letter appealing for underdog confessions that Mr. Toynbee inserted in a number of English weeklies. Since he was anxious to avoid restatements of a "familiar impeachment," the editor excluded confessions concerned with racial or religious discrimination. He preferred the unexpected complaint and demanded a high level of writing ability. He admits that this latter prerequisite removes his contributors from the lowest level of unsuccess—the category of bottom dog, as it were.

A book of this sort is bound to be a cultural symptom. Since 1945 the British have slowly realized they are no longer a great power: illusions lingered in certain quarters until Suez. At this very moment they are in the throes of a national debate which is felt by many as a national humiliation. Shall they enter the Common Market as underdogs and latecomers, or attempt to continue their "special" (i.e., underdog) relation with America, or go on pretending to be top dog in a British Commonwealth association which offers them such humiliations as South Africa's rude withdrawal last year after the merest hint that the British Government frowned on apartheid? These are hard choices. Gamesmanship, even of the jet-propelled variety practiced by Harold Macmillan, will not see them through. The English seek a new basis for national morale. Mr. Toynbee's book suggests that help may come from unregarded sources.

These eighteen men and women speak with what Fitzgerald called "the authority of failure." "Illegitimate and Rebel," after losing schooling, jobs, a commission, and finally a wife for lack of a birth certificate, remarks that life is war; yet he offers the insights he gained as a tramp and field hand to the respectable people who have done him dirt. "Wife of an Impotent Husband" shows how someone who believes in the middle-class virtue of fairness can remain a loving person in a desert of loss. "Unemployed Diabetic" learned French and German to qualify as a commercial correspondent; but no one had told him that, owing to certain ruthless principles followed by the insurance firms which underwrite pension schemes for large companies, he was unemployable. Surviving on two pounds ten ($7) a week unemployment benefit, this man refuses a much larger government pension for the handicapped because he feels fit and ready to work.

OF COURSE *Underdogs* isn't all British pluck and unluck. By approaching English life from underneath, it finds sore points and organic weaknesses, especially in the middle class, that Dickens understood but no doubt hoped to outlive. A majority of the middle-class failures ("Crammer," "Ghost-Writer" and the brilliant "Self-inflicted Wound") were loved as children by parents totally incapable of communicating love. This paradox, which *Dombey and Son* explores in depth, tears the child to pieces and exhausts his future without leaving him even the grim satisfaction of hating his parents. A more poisonous influence is class feeling, which winds its way through the book like an adder on an outing in the New Forest. "Pederast"'s pleasure in loving a thirteen-year-old boy whose accent is that of a Top Person, "Wife of a Brutal Husband"'s admission that her mate began to beat her shortly after encountering gentility during an officers' training course at Sandhurst, the plebian "Seduced as a Girl"'s description of a Brighton weekend spent with a zombielike, hyper-U leader-writer from Fleet Street — these all show that the last real, apparently inecrasable infamy in Britain is snobbery and the fantasy that class differences mark ineluctable human differences.

Britain is a country that has always recognized the social utility of intelligent complaint and has jealously guarded the right of the eccentric to operate on the bias. Now that its national ego is going through hell, these pawky traits stand it in good stead. When "Peter Simple," the ultra-conservative columnist of the *London Daily Telegraph*, attacked this fascinating book as an ominous sign that a cult of failure was beginning "to permeate the mass of the nation and gain approval in the highest quarters," he exactly missed the point. If the present English mood of self-scrutiny centers in the question of how a great nation can survive and flourish with honor and humanity, yet without the security of its vanished imperial might, then books like *Underdogs* shed at least as much light on the problem as the outcries of John Osborne. By revealing themselves to their countrymen naked and bereft of success, status and power, Mr. Toynbee's contributors call these terms into question as measures of fundamental human worth; by having nothing to celebrate except the fact of mere survival they remind us all that survival is the irreducible human value which is being most thoroughly neglected in this era of the bomb and stalemated disarmament conferences. And by revealing how much sheer inhumanity and injustice is built into even so smoothly functioning a social system as England's, they remind everyone how much work of social reconstruction remains to be done after the power-mongers, the status-mongers and the success-mongers have been shuffled off the human scene.

*JULIAN MOYNAHAN, a member of the Princeton English faculty, is the author of a novel,* Sisters and Brothers *(Random House), and a critical study of D. H. Lawrence's fiction,* The Deed of Life, *to be published within the year. Mr. Moynahan is also at work on a second novel. During a year's stay in England, he contributed to* The Observer, Spectator *and the BBC Third Programme.*

# A Real Villain

*THE VIOLENT SHORE.* By Anton Myrer. Little, Brown. 503 pp. $5.95.

***Joseph J. Waldmeir***

THE active personification of particular or generalized evil — the villain — is a character noticeably absent from most contemporary American novels. It is easy to understand and sympathize with the novelists' refusal to see the world in terms of black and white, with their refusal to sit in judgment upon their characters — it is the world's tendency to do so which has made most of them angry enough to write. Nevertheless, it is most refreshing to meet a serious novel which identifies, dissects and judges evil actions, and yet remains an honest and considerable book.

Such a novel is Anton Myrer's *The Violent Shore.*

Its principal character is a destructive force named Sally Marcherson. She is at once a beautiful and talented young woman, an incurable romantic with a father fixation, and a suicidal paranoid. Sally marries and destroys two

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men: Byron Cantwell, an intellectual, and Pete Herland, a fine physical specimen. Ostensibly, she desires a man as strong and courageous as she mistakenly believes her father to have been; in reality, she wants that strength for herself. Thus, with sex as her weapon, she drives both men into crises (which she rationalizes as tests of their abilities), emasculates them, usurps their identities. Then, disgusted by what she has reduced them to, she defeats and devours them in the ensuing struggle.

THE true struggle in the novel is philosophical, and Byron and Sally are the true antagonists. Pete Herland is there really — and this is one of the novel's weaknesses — only to show that Sally is powerful and wicked enough to destroy a physically strong man. At the outset, 1939, Byron is a foreign correspondent who has just returned to America from three years of covering Nazi rallies in Germany, Communist riots in France, and the Spanish Civil War. He has written a successful book based on his experiences and expressing the then-prevalent isolationist beliefs that Europe's problems are of her own making, and that America's intervention is unnecessary and unwanted.

Sally represents for Byron a means of escape from the grim realities of a world on the edge of war, but, ironically, she represents involvement in that world as well. For Myrer very carefully constructs an analogy between Sally and fascism, letting her marriage to Byron progress toward collapse through her ruthless selfishness as the world progresses toward war through the ruthlessness of fascism. Thus, when Byron runs from Sally by enlisting in the army, he is really escaping *into* the struggle with the evil which Sally personifies — an evil which Byron's isolationism, escapism (his "gutlessness" as Sally terms it) has nurtured all along.

Unfortunately, at this point Myrer appears to lose conviction. Byron never commits himself wholly to the struggle, though there is an intimation at the end that he is finally prepared to do so. Byron cannot bring himself to say that the war is worth while or necessary; the fascism motif all but disappears from the novel at the point where it seems to become most prominent. In many ways, of course, the war was not successful; the German and Italian enemies were defeated, but their American counterparts — the Sallys — flourished in victory. I think that this is what bothered Myrer as he closed his novel, and made its ending inconclusive. But it should not have bothered him, for that is another story, another aspect of a similar struggle.

Despite its occasional weaknesses, *The Violent Shore* is a solid book. And it is good to have the judging finger of a serious novelist once more pointed discriminatingly at the ancient struggle between light and darkness, good and evil. It is good once more to have something to hate presented as such in an American novel.

# MUSIC

## *Benjamin Boretz*

RICHARD STRAUSS: *Salome.* Birgit Nilsson, Eberhard Waechter, Gerhard Stolze, Grace Hoffman, Waldemar Kmentt.
Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Georg Solti, cond. London A4247; stereo OSA 1218.

CHARACTERIZATIONS of *Salome* have tended to extremes ever since its première in 1905. It has generally been regarded either as a collection of banal effects or as a masterpiece of dramatic music. But both views are misleading, in their extremism as well as in their implication that *Salome* can be fully measured within the framework, however extended, of expectations aroused by previous ideas of opera or music drama. Part of this misattribution probably results from the musical vocabulary of the work, which stems directly from Wagner and resembles in many ways that of Mahler's works of the same period. Actually, however, traditional terms and standards are more applicable to later works that seem to depart sharply from this tradition—to Berg's *Wozzeck* and *Lulu,* and to Schönberg's *Moses and Aron. Salome,* at the time of its composition, was a work *sui generis,* a particular extraction and combination of traditional materials for a special purpose. Although many of its details were richly suggestive to Strauss's contemporaries, its fundamental conception has had no real part in the principal development of twentieth-century music beyond the operas written by Strauss himself up to *Der Rosenkavalier.*

Even when considered on its own terms, *Salome,* like *Elektra* and *Der Rosenkavalier,* is virtually doomed to failure by the nature of its underlying formal idea. Nevertheless, the specific conditions and factors of this failure are worth considering for the light they shed


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on Strauss's approach to the problem of musical-dramatic composition. For despite his serious intellectual and artistic limitations, Strauss was a composer of immense resourcefulness and ingenuity who, moreover, clearly knew what he wanted to achieve.

His intentions and approach are decisively revealed by the sequence of events in the very opening scene of *Salome*. At first, one hears in the clarinet an ascending run over a scale of unmistakable contour, followed by a closely related motivic phrase against a transparent background *tremolo*. Compressed into two measures, this introduction establishes a C#-minor tonality and a characteristic harmonic and melodic flavor. Another clarinet run terminates in a new and striking modification of the context: minor suddenly becomes major, and, as though in response to an irresistible signal, Narraboth enters immediately in an unnaturally high tenor register on the important note that effected the change to major. He continues with an imitation of the clarinet's run and part of its motive (the rhythm of which is associated throughout the opera with the name of Salome, at whom Narraboth is staring transfixed). At this point, the cellos initiate a new phrase, whose opening intervals reverse Narraboth's entrance, in a contrasting harmonic area, a connection confirmed by the final rise in Narraboth's line to its initial high point. The motion is still carried forward, however, by the extension of the cello phrase beyond the end of Narraboth's. All this takes place within seven measures, and despite the richness of the web of associations, is all clearly audible. The listener's attention is arrested by the high tension of Strauss's characterization, and by the apparent establishment of a texture of tight relationships that seems like a highly condensed and epigrammatic reminder of Wagner's "symphonic" style and, perhaps, the harmonic architecture of Mahler.

Directly following Narraboth's "speech," the Page, also staring, but at the moon, complements Narraboth's ecstasy with mutterings of foreboding, almost buried beneath the continuing cello line. But in the succeeding interplay, the initial intensity gives way to a neutral spinning-out that simply keeps the motion going for a certain length of time, rather than carrying forward the development. Consequently, although the original "mood" is not contradicted, there is suggested a deeper contradiction of the essential structural premises implied by the opening. But attention is not allowed to flag, for just as the dissipation of intensity might begin to be apparent, the orchestra wrenches everything out of joint with a passage that is supposed to suggest the noise in the hall where Herod's banquet is taking place. This is "noise" in a true sense: the sounds are not in themselves "shocking"—far more complex harmonies have long since been assimilated into genuinely musical contexts—but their deliberate unclarity, confusion and lack of interrelation, as well as their overturning of the previous context, lend themselves to that aural interpretation. As suddenly as it began, the noise dies away and, again without preparation, the opening returns, as Narraboth repeats his first words at a still higher pitch.

Here, then, is *Salome's* essential form, method and approach. Throughout the opera, this process of beginning with arresting musical ideas that flatten into neutrality in preparation for sudden, contrasting new beginnings, is the means by which Strauss accomplishes his evident purpose to maintain an increasing suspense, immediately apprehensible to an audience, but independent of any development of an internal musical structure. In place of the dramatic contrasts that, in operas like those of Mozart or Wagner, arise from inflections of a coherent style, and ultimately determine the unique style of the works themselves, Strauss substitutes a raw juxtaposition of sharply divergent "styles." Even the careful working out at the opening is thus seen as only another tool in the service of the composer's stagecraft.

A COMPARISON of the libretto of *Salome* with the original Wilde play confirms this formal intention. Aside from excisions of Wilde's superabundant imagery, the libretto unerringly deletes every touch of the subtle dramatic construction and ironic humor that civilizes the original. Wilde's *Salome* was, beneath its sensational surface, a precursor of the Shavian dialectic of ideas. Much of the interest and form of the original stem from the running theological debate that counterpoises and motivates the main plot. This debate involves every character: Salome's visionary paganism is an aspect of her inability to relinquish Jokanaan, and Herod's vacillation is represented as a deep-seated moral weakness, of which his "honor" is itself a symptom. With characteristic irony, Wilde has Herod mistake a reference to Jesus for one to Caesar and, just as the Jews, Alexandrians and Syrians dispute mutually and among themselves, the Nazarenes also fail to agree on exactly which miracles Jesus has performed, and gossip disputatiously about his travels. Against this background, Jokanaan, immobile in Wilde as in Strauss, is the still center about which the whole play revolves, and his victimization is a final irony; he is sacrificed to the weaknesses of all the others.

For Strauss's purposes, however, these literary conceits were meaningless deviations from the direct conquest of his audience. In the opera, the Jews are reduced to pure villainy—their music is the "noise" noted above—and the Nazarenes are simply saints. Wilde's formal connections are also either omitted or brushed aside; each incident is treated without regard for its particular content—a blocklike element of no interest in itself—and is sustained only long enough to serve as a further propellant towards the next effect and ul-


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timate climax. Thus the play is transformed into a bare series of confrontations: Narraboth stares at Salome; Salome persuades him unwillingly to bring Jokanaan forth from his cistern; she stares at Jokanaan, and pleads with him to allow her to make love to him; Narraboth pleads with Salome to desist, and failing, kills himself; Herod stares at Salome and tries to lure her; Herodias tries to convince Herod to have Jokanaan killed; Herod persuades Salome to dance for him by swearing to give her whatever she wishes; Salome dances, then argues violently with Herod for Jokanaan's head, which she finally wins. Except for the final scene (Salome's *Liebestod,* with appropriate quotations from *Tristan),* this sequence determines the entire course of the opera.

THE MUSICAL characterization of Salome herself has attracted much admiration, but seems to me largely weak and generalized, consisting mostly of vivid phrase-beginnings, none of which finds a significant continuation. In this respect, *Salome* closely resembles the operas of Puccini. Jokanaan is probably the weakest character of all; his music is pallid in its basic material as well as its development (although his "angel of death" motive is at first interesting, and is the only significant variant of the ideas that seemed important at the opening). The most successful characterization is that of Herod, whose weakness and vacillation are wonderfully realized by elongations and sudden contractions of phrase, contrasts of register, and a functional relationship between voice and orchestra. The monotonal responses of Herodias and Salome to Herod's compulsive gushing also contribute to the sharpness of characterization. The even-note staccato vocal articulation of Herod's vocal line and accompanying low-register woodwind sounds are like pre-echoes of passages in *Wozzeck.*

Herod's scene includes, in fact, the passages of greatest interest, beginning with the imaginative idea of "infiltrating" material of the forthcoming scene (especially the interrupted bassoon figure that accompanies Herod's lapses of memory) into the transition from the previous scene, transforming one into the other by degrees. Then, Herod's "aria," which spans the section, is the most impressively developed formal idea in the entire opera. However, the interpolated quarrel of the Jews and Nazarenes (a pale imitation of the Beckmesser scene and riot in *Die Meistersinger),* breaks the continuity, and the "aria's" abrupt resumption does not quite succeed in recapturing the thread.

Obviously, Strauss intended the Dance of the Seven Veils as a climactic point. His miscalculation here was complete, for this is *Salome's* real moment of disaster. The patchwork of motivic snatches from the previous sections that constitutes its material is casually strung together, and its final frenzy is not only banal—which, being a norm for *Salome,* is beside the point as an objection—but ineffective. The remainder of the opera is a steady decline into a series of anticlimaxes. The desperation with which the final sections attempt to generate ever greater accretions of sound and volume makes it hard to believe that they are generally acknowledged to have been the first composed. But despite its final failure, and the unconcealed meretriciousness of its basic premises, *Salome* is a phenomenon that is fascinating both for the strange explorations into which Strauss's cynical intentions led him, and for the remarkable extent to which he was able to sustain such a large-scale work by means of an impossibly contradictory procedure.

Birgit Nilsson's performance as Salome in the London recording fulfills Strauss's requirement, most often ignored, that she should be like "a sixteen-year-old princess with an Isolde voice," whose gestures are restrained despite the surrounding orchestral violence. Gerhard Stolze's performance as Herod is perhaps most interesting, particularly by virtue of his range of vocal techniques and qualities, which appear to be as numerous as Strauss's "styles." Solti's tempi and balances are well considered, and the orchestra is as clear as possible, even in the denser stretches. The virtue of the performance as a whole is its accuracy and faithfulness to the best musical qualities of the work, rather than to its invitation to facile theatre.

# ART

## *Maurice Grosser*

THE English Water Colors from British Collections, recently exhibited in the National Gallery in Washington, is on view until June 3 at the Metropolitan. The hundred works represent fifty-five painters, and range from a drawing in pencil and wash, done by William Taverner in the mid-eighteenth century, down to a wonderfully effective *Cedars of Lebanon,* painted in 1858 by Edward Lear, father of the limerick. The show covers the hundred years which saw the beginnings and development of the technique.

Water color has always been the Oriental painter's standard medium, but in the West water-color painting as an end in itself is an English invention. Europe, until comparatively recently, considered it good only for sketches to be used as aids to the much more serious business of painting or engraving. In the present exhibition, this attitude is evident in the Gainsborough sketches, and in the delightful little works by Constable which, with all their exact depiction of light and weather, are still only notes for larger pictures. Rowlandson's *Landing at Greenwich* (a wonderfully rowdy view of Regency sailors on the town) is a pen drawing tinted to


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serve as color guide for the engraver. And Lear's *Cedars*, done forty or fifty years later, drawn in brown ink and completely colored, still carries a notation on the foreground "grass, green; rocks, gray"—a clear indication that the painter considered this a sketch to be painted from. None of this is very different in aim or technique from the Continental use of the medium. Think of the water colors of Cézanne or Delacroix.

But in England, by the middle of the eighteenth century, alongside of this, another tradition had begun. Travel on the Continent had become for the English comparatively easy and very fashionable, and pictures recalling landscapes one had visited—even English landscapes—were increasingly popular. This explains the vast quantities of Canaletto and Guardi views of Venice to be found in English collections. The English painter also went abroad to work for this market. The equipment for oil painting of the time was cumbersome and designed for studio use. A water-color kit, on the other hand, weighed nothing at all and could be taken anywhere. And it is not strange that it was the English painters traveling abroad who invented the Western techniques of water color. The Cozenses, father and son, Thomas Girtin, Turner, were all inveterate travelers, and even Cotman, though his travels were confined to England.

In its earliest form the water color was essentially a pencil drawing enhanced by washes of color. For this purpose, a smooth paper was generally used—it takes the pencil well. But on smooth paper, washes of color are hard to apply and turn all too easily to mud. Turner developed fantastically elaborate methods for dealing with this difficulty—of keeping the paper wet, of adding more gum to his washes, of lifting out lights from the wet wash with a penknife or the point of a stick, of painting into the wet washes or over the dry ones with almost dry pigment—so that there are no lines or edges anywhere and the surface has an airy richness not unlike his own oil pictures. Witness the two late Swiss landscapes here on display. But these are finished paintings, executed in the studio from sketches. The technique of the sketches themselves is quite different—the tiny one of the billiard room at Petworth, for example, or the early morning view out of his window in Venice—and equally astonishing for its direct and unpremeditated simplicity.

By Cotman's time a rougher paper had come into use, one which accepts the washes more gracefully. And Cotman's methods—of pencil outlines deliniating areas to be filled with color washes—are not at all different from those of the later water-color painters like Homer and Sargent who also used rough paper. His color, however, is certainly more beautiful. John Martin, in his romantic and detailed depiction of mountain, rock and glacier, uses smoother paper and much body color. James Holland, Thomas Shotter Boys and James Baker Pyne, all born around 1800, also use a smoother paper and display unbelievable skill in the exact recording of the color of sunlight and air.

The three more introspective, or poetic, painters included in the show, I myself find somewhat difficult to take. The Flaxman—a crouching elder out of William Blake—and the two Fuselis—*Titania's Dream* and a fierce self-portrait—seem weak and more than a little silly. While the two Blakes are mannered to the point of appearing inflated rather than drawn. On the other hand, Samuel Palmer, who was one of Blake's students, is represented by one of the finest of all the pieces—his self-portrait as a serious young man of nineteen.

In the adjoining gallery there is now an exhibition of Rowlandson drawings and engravings from the Metropolitan's collection—boisterous, exceedingly funny, and not to be missed.

## Who Goes There?

**The vicious tight curl**
**of the pubic hair in the**
**bathtub, or a mass of black:**

**birds measuring the limbs**
**of a tree, these box in**
**a world full of demons**

**who are arrayed in black**
**in back of the world made**
**manifest in lusterless**

**porcelain, brass pipes**
**turned black and greasy**
**green, God damn those**

**nervous birds, the demons**
**possess them! They sway**
**— how long is that limb,**

**what grinning face inhabits**
**the friable leaf that**
**determines its tip — ?**

**Someone, prove to me what**
**tender strategy will over-**
**whelm it, scrub it all**

**bright with the silvery**
**cables of bridges, tides**
**of love without logic**

**cracking the brittle**
**shapes the demons inform, forms**
**burned clean in a gout of flame.**

***Gilbert Sorrentino***



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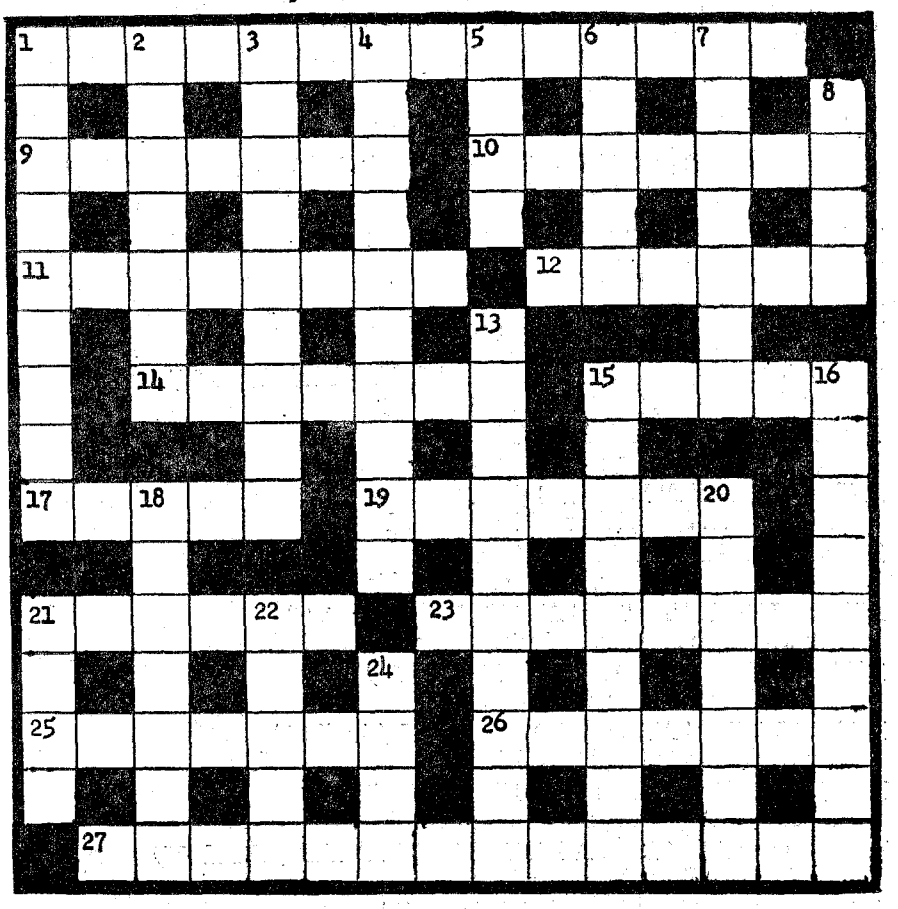
# Crossword Puzzle No. 960

By FRANK W. LEWIS



**ACROSS:**

1 What hard work might be doing for the hired help with old dressers. (6, 8)
9 This root has the French ending, but the Spanish ending wouldn't alter the meaning much. (7)
10 A satisfying answer for the stuff?
11 A self-postponed action of the devotee? (8)
12 They are proverbially wise from time to time. (6)
14 Dead, or just cold? It's one way to help a stupid person around! (4, 3)
15 Integrator, as the apple might be? (5)
17 The way one might hang around like Gilpin? (5)
19 Doctrine which backs standing support to the main part of the church?
23 Shouldn't be a very severe wound, so one might travel directly. (5, 3)
25 No longer enough for the model, perhaps. (7)
26 To be inclined to get into sex trouble draws out the answer. (7)
27 This is surely "cricket" in England, though it could have been a form of "charades" over here. (7, 3, 4)

**DOWN:**

1 From a mountain lake, I took off with somewhat dull results. (9)
2 Just the bird to get out the Communist vote! (7)
3 Fruit crate broken in 9. (9)
4 They could hardly say "we didn't know it was loaded." (Deserves to get caught in an explosion, too!)
5 Does such an act imply you don't have a suit with a collar? (4)
6 Are those who have choppers up front like wheels, for example? (5)
7 and 22 down Is this what Roy Rogers might wish to make descriptive of some gun-fighters? (7-5)
8 Take no notice with 12 — or the teens, for example. (4)
13 Is a housewife with her vacuum likely to have such a seizure? (10)
15 How to mention something about a great arrangement when destined to get lit up. (9)
16 Give up with rough seas after dinner, perhaps. (9)
18 Quite the opposite of a man's man.
20 They were evidently very short-spoken here. (7)
21 and 21 across Does it imply you're powerless to get a pass on the airlines? (4, 6)
24 Was he a good judge of the gardener's product? (4)

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ACROSS: 1 Counterclaimant; 9 Chorister; 10 Spear; 11 Lotion; 12 Scabbard; 14 Impolite; 16 Reaps; 17 Waste; 18 All right; 20 Choirboy; 21 Masher; 24 Iliac; 25 Attribute; 26 Painless dentist. DOWN: 1 Cockle; 2 U-boat; 3 Trigonometrical; 4 Rite; 5 La Rochelle; 6 Insubordination; 7 Azedarach; 8 Tirades; 13 Disavowals; 15 Mussolini; 17 Wickiup; 19 Argent; 22 Houri; 23 Stud.


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